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Local Items.

40,000 pounds of lime for sale at J. M. Ochoa's.

District Attorney R. E. Sloan took a trip to Tucson this week.

Mr. J. D. Reymert, jr., is in from Pinal, in his usual buoyant spirits.

Mr. J. Ochoa has leased the Florence Meat Market of John Nicholas & Co.

The kiln of brick just burned at the brickyard shows a very fine quality of brick.

Mr. J. M. Woods brought up a load of passengers from Casa Grande on Tuesday night.

Mr. F. M. Robertson, of Hayden's mill, Tempe, was in Florence on Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. O. W. Swingle came down from Dudleyville on Tuesday and made Florence his first visit for a year.

Mr. J. D. Rittenhouse left last week to interview the California markets and replenish his stock of merchandise.

The Reymert mill is all ready to start up and is only awaiting the arrival of the ore teams to supply it with ore.

Sheriff M. J. Nugent brought up a prisoner from Yuma, a few days ago, who is needed at the coming term of court.

It was Mr. Charles Holborn and not Henry as the types had it last week, who came from Globe to make Florence his future home.

Mr. J. C. Woolcombes of Pinal passed through from Casa Grande yesterday with his mother who has been visiting in California.

Dr. F. A. Oedermett, the dentist, went to Casa Grande on Thursday night, having been summoned to Tucson by sickness in his family.

All the sheriff's posse left at Dudleyville are expected to return to Florence to-day, as the settlers are confident of their ability to protect themselves.

Hon. A. J. Doran returned on Tuesday from his visit to California, looking greatly refreshed by his trip. He had a good time, and looked on the boom while it was red-hot.

Mr. Geo. W. Campbell has completed the new house on his ranch and is now residing therein. He is putting his place in splendid shape for cultivation and will shortly make it attractive and homelike.

The work of lining the street ditches with cobble stones is progressing rapidly by the chain gang under the supervision of deputy sheriff M. M. Rice. The old cottonwoods in the way are also being removed.

In the case of Sheriff E. O. Shaw against Pima county, to recover the salary paid to R. H. Paul, amounting to nearly \$12,000, Judge Barnes has decided against the plaintiff and in favor of the county.

Messrs. J. M. Hurley and J. Brown, of San Bernardino, Cal., came up on Monday and returned home on Tuesday. They were on private business. Mr. Hurley is secretary and treasurer of the Florence Canal Company.

Mr. Chas Holborn announces that his wholesale and retail liquor house will open next Monday in the old Bailey corner. He has fitted up the premises with surprising neatness and it is now one of the most pleasant retreats in town.

Messrs. Peter Will and John Ruckelshaus returned home on Wednesday from Albuquerque, New Mexico, where they went as witnesses in a case before the United States Court. Postmaster Miller returned the following day.

Mr. Wm. Sellers, of Pinal, who has just completed building the ore chutes at the Reymert mines, left yesterday for a visit to his former home on Lake Chataugus, New York. Mr. Sellers is a thorough master of his trade and a more skillful mechanic would be hard to find.

On the fourth page will be found an interesting description of the ascent of Lemmon peak, the highest of the Santa Catalina mountains, by a party of ladies and gentlemen. It is well worthy of perusal, being vividly descriptive of the perilous journey up to the place where thunders and lightnings are made.

Hon. Chas. R. Drake came up from Tucson on Wednesday and spent the day in Florence. Mr. Drake owns property in and about Florence which will eventually add largely to his already robust sack. His many friends here were glad to meet him, as he is one of the most enterprising among the citizens of southern Arizona.

Messrs. Sloan & Stone announce that they are now prepared to sell lots in South Florence, by which name the Douglas tract will hereafter be known. This tract lies on the east side of Main street south of town and it is considerably elevated above the present business portion of the place. For residence purposes it possesses many advantages that purchasers will appreciate.

Mr. G. L. Moore and his associates, of Pinal, who located a tract of land and a water ditch about eight miles above Florence on the north side of the Gila river, have completed about two and one-half miles of the ditch and turned in the water. About as much more will be built to finish it and 320 acres will be irrigated by it. The ditch is five feet wide on the bottom.

Messrs. Geo. N. Finch, Frank Shields, James Miley and deputy sheriff Peter R. Young, came down from the San Pedro on Tuesday, and remained for a day in town. They report matters temporarily quiet about Dudleyville and express the opinion that no further excitement will transpire so long as the armed posse remains in that neighborhood. None of Es-kin-in-zin's band have appeared since they went to the reservation.

Last Monday, while Mr. E. O. Saxe was loading bullion at the Velok mill, his four-horse team took fright and started down the hill. Mr. Saxe clambered in to the wagon just as the horses started, but the brake was unmanageable and it was useless to attempt to control the horses. They finally ran into an adobe wall and all fell into a heap with Mr. Saxe on top. One of the horses had its head split open and killed, while the others were more or less hurt. Mr. Saxe fortunately escaped any serious injury.

After Es-kin-in-zin.

Sheriff Fryer and his posse reached Cunningham's ranch on their way to Es-kin-in-zin's camp for Wednesday night, September 21st. The plan was then arranged for those who were mounted to proceed under cover of darkness to the rear of the camp of the Indians, with a guide, while Sheriff Fryer and those without horses should proceed to the camp direct, and the several wickiups should be surrounded and the inmates arrested as they emerged, without harming them. But when the river was reached it was found too high to ford, and the posse returned to the ranch. The next morning a courier came from Lieutenant Watson, informing the sheriff that Es-kin-in-zin and his Indians were at Judge George Scott's, ready to surrender. This put a new phase on the matter and the sheriff and two or three others finally succeeded in crossing the San Pedro and proceeded to Scott's.

It seems that, although Capt. Pierce, acting agent at San Carlos, had previously refused to make the arrests by military force for the reason that Es-kin-in-zin and his band were occupying lands in severally and formed no part of the reservation Indians, they being amenable solely to the civil authorities for their crimes as any citizen would be, he had sent Lieut. Watson with Bob McIntosh the interpreter, to investigate the charges alleged to have been committed by the Indians as well as the resistance offered by the sheriff.

Upon reaching Judge Scott's Mr. Fryer found Es-kin-in-zin and fifteen of his band, all armed. Eight of the Indians were identified as the ones wanted, including Es-kin-in-zin. They were taken aside and gave up their knives and guns to their tribe and held as under arrest. Then came a long parley with Es-kin-in-zin concerning their disposition, the Indians wanting an immediate examination before Justice Scott and the Sheriff firm in his decision that they should go to Florence and appear before Justice B. J. Whiteside from whose court the process was issued. Es-kin-in-zin finally agreed to submit, upon being assured that no harm would be done them other than that accorded by law for the crimes alleged to have been committed. He then went away to camp promising to bring back a lame Indian, Bu Lin-a, who had taken advantage of the absence of all of the sheriff's posse, still beyond the river, to skip out by noon the next day, to attend the examination set for two o'clock sharp. The sheriff then dispatched his courier for District Attorney Sloan and Justice B. J. Whiteside.

Mr. Fryer, in arguing with Justice Scott, was plainly told that he, Scott, would discharge the Indians, no matter what the evidence might be; that it was public policy to do so, which naturally increased the sheriff's desire to regularly carry out the plain letter of his duty in the premises and to frustrate such an absurd farce.

Lieut. Watson, after learning the sheriff's unalterable intentions, mounted his horse shortly before noon of the day set for the examination, and rode away. It was supposed that he had gone to the store for more whiskey as he had been very drunk a portion of the time and was not strictly sober at any time. It seems, however, that his errand was for another purpose, and when he returned, Fryer overheard the interpreter tell Justice Scott, that Es-kin-in-zin and his band would not return. When Fryer demanded an explanation the interpreter told him the Indians had gone to San Carlos. Mr. Fryer then taxed the Lieutenant with double-dealing, he finally admitting having told Es-kin-in-zin if he did not want to get arrested and taken to Florence to go to the reservation.

Incensed at this exhibition of perfidy and official turpitude, the sheriff then ordered his posse, that had shortly before reached Scott's place, to give chase to the Indians and to bring them in if found; without harming them if possible, but to bring them in. They followed the trail and run down so closely by nightfall that the band scattered, leaving behind them much of their effects along the trail. Darkness coming on the posse returned and the sheriff, accompanied by Messrs. J. G. Keating, W. Wood Porter, James Hammels and John Miller, of the posse, brought the six Indians still in custody to Florence, leaving the posse still at the scene for the protection of the settlers who feared a possible retaliatory raid.

The names of the Indians brought down were Iche Bogolino (Es-kin-in-zin's brother), Dithel-Chi, Hashkin A-La, Gode Ci, Al-Kal and Gaze Klee. The latter confessed to having killed Harrington's calf.

These Indians say the following Indians were also implicated in the killing: Eh-ta (Pat Cashion's squaw), Big George and Na-Ka-Pa his wife, Nu-Sin-a, Jude Ce and Co-a.

The following stole Frank Shields' horses: chief Es-kin-in-zin, To-chil-he-pai, Pel-Ghotae, Biden-Chitty, Klah-Chitten, Nachina-Nihi, Chin-ah-ya and Es-kin-in-zin. The four last belong to the San Carlos reservation.

The examination of the six brought to this place was held before Justice B. J. Whiteside on Wednesday and it resulted in holding them in bonds of \$1,000 each to appear before the grand jury which meets next week.

Sheriff Fryer now holds warrants for the arrest of seven more Indians charged with stealing stock, and seven others charged with resisting an officer.

Jurors.

The following persons were drawn to serve on the grand and petit juries for the term of court commencing Monday. Grand Jurors.—L. L. English, Wm. Sellers, Melbourne T. Dodge, R. H. Chamberlain, J. G. Keating, L. E. Walker, A. G. Williams, Robert A. Iron, Wm. L. Arnett, Chas. W. Tillman, W. C. Truman, W. P. Bamrick, Marcus T. Daulton, Clark W. Culver and Manley R. Chamberlain.

Petit Jurors.—J. B. Dutton, Frank H. Maxfield, Benjamin F. Todd, John T. Bartleson, David Anderson, Frank Reynolds, A. J. Denier, Chas. A. French, Geo. N. Finch, Edwin P. Drew, Chas. Cadotte, Chas. W. Fuller, Edward Whitlock and Edward Bien.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the Victor Safe and Lock Company, on the fourth page of the ENTERPRISE. This company has made a complete revolution in the safe business and supplies the large demand for office and family safes, burglar and fire-proof, at prices that every person can reach. Professional men, ranchers and families can now easily provide themselves with a protection against loss by fire or burglary. Orders for safes will be taken at this office.

Silver King Notes.

SILVER KING, Sept. 28.
Again I grasp my stub pen in order to give you a few items in regards to the Pioneer Mining District. The Silver King has a notice posted upon their works, as follows: "No more men wanted for 30 days." The foreman, Robert Bowen, when asked in regard to it replied, "that it meant just as it read." This looks rather equally for the "timber shift" and puts a sour look upon one or two of the King's formerly genial landlords.

Hoisting works are being erected upon the North King Mine, and men are working prospecting the same, with what results time alone will tell. Work is steadily being pushed in the Crispin Mine.

In the South Comstock, they are working day and night shifts, and on Wednesday, opened out a vein of ore on the incline shaft east.

That energetic old time prospector Charley Wilson, has at last struck it good by going down on the Big Alexander. By the way, this runs into the Old Colonel, owned by Judge Dryden; this in consequence highly elates the Judge and he allows that now he has got hold of a big thing.

A social dance is to be given Friday evening September 30th, in honor of two of Silver King's fairest belles who are intending bidding us a long adieu. We shall meet but we shall miss them, there will be two vacant chairs.

The boys turned loose Sunday night, and without fear of a hereafter went upon a rampage, signs were changed and small houses capsize. Robt. Williams' place (to a stranger) would have been Sue Sing's laundry. Bob now has blood in his eye, and is on the lookout for "dem roosters."

New claims are being located daily, and the signs of the times are that this district and the town of Silver King is on the verge of a boom.

The Tucson Citizen handles the pretty military dandies with the softest of kid gloves. It even interpreted a word or two in a recent associated press telegram to modify what seemed a harsh expression even though it was a fact and a proper matter of news. The telegram said "Lieut. Watson was intoxicated" while monkeying with Es-kin-in-zin's Indians when he had no business to do so, but the tender-hearted Citizen made it read "It is thought that Watson was intoxicated." The Lieutenant will probably appreciate the implied uncertainty of the cause of his maudlin condition at the time.

Mr. Wm. Hall, who resides in the big stone house at Yuma, has sent a handsome cabinet to his place to be raffled off for his benefit. It is a very pretty affair, inlaid with various colored woods, there being no less than eleven hundred separate pieces used. The front doors are double, opening upon a full size door of glass. The shelves are ornamented highly and the whole affair is a handsome piece of furniture. There are forty chances at one dollar each and the raffle will take place as soon as they are all sold. The cabinet may be seen at the Florence Hotel. Two handsome pin cushions will be awarded the lowest throw.

The foundation stone and other building materials are being hauled to Mr. J. D. Rittenhouse's lot in the Western Addition and his fine two-story brick residence will very soon begin to show its shapely proportions. Several other parties are also preparing to build in that portion of town and many others have secured lots which they purpose improving in a very short time. The Western Addition is destined to become the principal residence section of the future city and lots that can be purchased now of Messrs. Orry & Guild for a very modest sum will, in the course of a few months, be worth three or four times their cost.

Mr. C. W. Lemon has a good sized fragment of a heavy plate glass mirror that was unshattered a few days ago on his ranch in the valley, fully two feet below the surface. There is nothing remarkable about the circumstance excepting the fact that it was found imbedded in a soil that has never before been disturbed within the memory of man. The belief is current that this is the identical site of the garden of Eden and the fragment found is a part of the mirror used by Mother Eve in arranging her bangs. It was broken by the serpent when the old folks were turned out to "buscar" for a precarious existence down on Salt river.

Last Saturday the veteran stage hostler, John G. Ross, closed his mortal eyes in this weary world and his kind friends bore him upon the last fearful journey to the grave. He had reached the ripe age of sixty-four years when he laid down the burden, and those who knew him best say that his many virtues were gems of the purest water that many a person of more exalted calling might have worn with distinguished honor. He was a native of Ohio, but had lived on the Pacific Coast for many years and for a long time was in the employ of Mr. John G. Capron, of San Diego, Cal.

Two Thousand Dollars For Two Hundred.

Ticket No. 46,856, which drew the third capital prize of \$20,000 in the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company on the 9th of August, was held by Daniel McNaughton, brother of Robert McNaughton, the barber of Governor street. "As soon as I ascertained that ticket No. 46,856 had drawn the third capital prize of \$20,000 I immediately drew a sight draft on M. A. Dauphin and it was promptly paid." I suppose I have bought two hundred tickets. This was the first time I ever struck it big. I know of nothing else in which I could have invested \$200 and got \$2,000 in return.—Richmond (Va.) State, Aug. 27.

The past week has been one of unusual activity about the court house, preparing for the term of court that opens next Monday. The Clerk of the Court, Mr. W. Wood Porter has had his hands full of official duties; District Attorney R. E. Sloan has put in long hours of preparation and Sheriff Fryer and Under Sheriff Thomas have been equally active in serving summonses and subpoenas and securing jurors.

The finest turnouts in the country and the best stock, at Drew & Bamrick's livery stable.

An Arizona Idyl.

The driver on the Florence stage on the morning of which we write shall be called Dick Renshaw, for that was not his name. He was known up and down his road for his skill in driving four in hand, as well as for his good looks and gaudy attire. In short, he was a wild Western "maasher." Always cleanly shaven with a broad sombrero and red necktie (in addition, of course, to the other apparel) he was the beau ideal of the border dude. As he sat on top of the coach that morning in front of the Silver King Hotel, ribbons in his hand, he felt as proud as a prince and not have exchanged places with the President.

Tripping down the hotel steps came a trim little figure, clothed in neatly fitting duster, faultless gloves and shoes, and meekly inquired if she might ride on top, as she wished to view the scenery. Although the seat was already engaged by a San Francisco drummer, Dick gallantly replied, "Certainly, Miss certainly." And suiting action to word gave her a hand and she came. Fitting a saddle under her little feet, he asked her if she was comfortable, and away the prancing broncos went down the grade and up the hill towards Florence.

She prattled continually, and occasionally grasped Dick's arm when the wheels went into a rut. She told him how she had been teaching school and was supporting a widow mother. Artless little thing, she would give a scream when going over a bad-looking piece of road on the mountain side, and Dick would be compelled to put his arm around her waist to support her. She would snuggle up to him in a guileless, childlike manner until the danger was over.

On coming to a small bridge over an arroyo, Dick solemnly informed her that it had been the custom from time immemorial to collect toll when crossing that particular bridge, and he blushed to its roots of his hair at his boldness. The demure Miss replied that she had no desire to break the rules of the road, and the smack that followed caused the leaders to jump. The bridges were only too few, but toll was collected on each, and Dick was the happiest man in America.

Approaching Florence, the long bridge over the Gila came in sight. Dick heaved a sigh as he thought they were nearing their journey's end. Coming on the bridge, toll was collected, and as the tired horses walked slowly over the structure, the fair one was informed that on account of the length of the bridge it was necessary to collect at both ends.

There was a requish twinkle in the blue eyes, as she simply suggested: "If that is the case, perhaps you had better kiss my foot."

Dick has since come to the conclusion that she was an artful creature, and was playing upon his feelings.—Epitaph.

Active Pushing and Reliable

J. D. Rittenhouse can always be relied upon to carry in stock the purest and best goods, and sustain the reputation of being active, pushing and reliable, by recommending articles with well established merit and such as are popular. Having the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, colds and coughs, will sell it on positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of throat, lungs, or chest, and in order to prove our claim, we ask you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

Drew & Bamrick are the mail contractors to Silver King and Pinal. The best stock and quickest time made.

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If you want any information in regard to the Gila Valley, send for Descriptive Circular, which will be forwarded to you at Once.

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